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PURDUE UNIVERSITY
JUL 28 1934

Nº 4857.
VOLUME
CLXXXVII.

JULY 18
1934

PUNCH BOUND VOLUME

Now Ready

The VOLUME, from January to June, 1934, in maroon cloth, with gilt top, Price 21/-

(Readers' own copies bound in the above style, for 7/6; missing numbers can be supplied.)

PUNCH OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers—Inland Postage, 30/- per annum, 15/- six months; Overseas, 38/6 per annum; (Canada, 34/- per annum).

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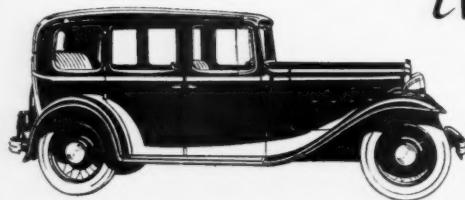
Player's Please



— A S D E P E N D A B L E A S A N A U S T I N —



*The Colonel was a man of
two words ..*



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READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. EVERY MONTH

'AUSTIN' and 'INVESTMENT'

The Colonel doesn't say much on any subject—but what he says is sound. On the subject of cars he is terse, and to the point. "What you want, my lad, is a car that's dependable—a sound investment—an Austin. Let those who like have their supercharged this or that. You want a car that will never let you down; one that's light on the pocket. You can't go wrong on an Austin." The Colonel, of course, may be rather emphatic. But he's reason to be. He's had an Austin for five years, you see. This year, too, he is able to point out the many Austin improvements to reinforce his argument. Synchromesh gears, cross-braced frames, engine insulation by rubber, traffic indicators, new, more efficient brakes,

adjustable rear seats, not to mention sliding roofs, wind deflectors and a dozen or more refinements which would have cost a tidy sum five years ago when he first "invested." It's hard to believe that these new cars cost less than his old one. But they do. The Colonel's advice is sound—*why not act on it?*

**YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN
AUSTIN**

Charivaria.

"THE holes in Gruyère cheese are caused naturally in the course of manufacture," we read. There was a belief for some time that they were first put in by some fresh-air fiend.

**

A Gallery writer says that the House of Commons will soon be so quiet you could hear a pin drop. He says nothing about the almost noiseless falling of the Betting and Lotteries Bill.

**

General GOERING's latest official designation is "Head Hunter of the Reich." Not "Head-hunter," it should be clearly understood.

**

The average train on London's Underground is reported to accommodate eight hundred persons. This figure is only approximate, but is said to be correct within a nought or two.

**

A bald-headed eagle has been seen in the Highlands. This disproves the recent contention that flying makes the hair grow.

**

Spanish M.P.'s are given free barley-sugar. As a development of this idea, there is support for the suggestion that our own legislators should be provided with stickjaw.

**

Hitlerism is said to be killing contract bridge. Still, even this doesn't justify Hitlerism.

**

A pony in North London calls regularly at a coffee-stall for something to eat. The generous proprietor at

once places the *à la carte* before the horse.

**

"'NO SMOKING' notices follow one right through life," complains a tobaccoist. And after, we trust.

**

A writer says that an Englishman delights to think that he is entirely surrounded by the sea. Unless of

The proposed removal of Woolwich Arsenal to South Wales would not, it is understood, affect Highbury.

**

Bathing beaches are so crowded this year that the bald-headed men are the only ones getting sunburnt.

**

A man recently walked over a hundred miles to give himself up to the police. We understand he is to be asked why he didn't run.

**

A horse dropped dead in Hyde Park recently. We cannot over-emphasise the importance of providing animals with blinkers in the vicinity of the Albert Memorial.

**

There are no prisons in Greenland, we learn, crime being punishable by exclusion from the Christmas festivities or a fine. An objection to this system is that it is conducive to crime among misanthropes.

**

In a Madrid paper Oxford undergraduates are held up as an example to Spanish students. Young Spaniards have still a lot to learn about kindness to dons.

**

One of our Judges knits his own socks. But not in court.

"POST OFFICE SAFE ON PAVEMENT."
Liverpool Paper.

And all the postal-orders crossed safely too.

"She goes back on the lines of classical Greek tragedy (where, however, the actors were men)."—Daily Paper.
As one would naturally expect.



"I'VE FOUND THE BALL, SIR!"
"YOU WOULD."

course he suddenly awakens to find his deck-chair awash.

**

The village of Misterton near Doncaster has appointed the first official woman rate-collector. It is said that she has a very gentle touch.

**

A famous New York beauty has disappeared. Perhaps she washed it off.

This and That.

HERR HITLER is both amazed and disgusted, so I gather, at the uncomplimentary remarks which have been made about him in the English Press. But let him remember that we English are a critical people. Even our own Führer, even our own great Leaders are frequently abused for far more trifling actions than shooting a score or so of their most intimate associates and friends.

During the early part of last week I seemed to be reading nothing but sentences like these:—

"Mystery still enshrouds the appalling strategic blunder made by Wyatt in not taking advantage of the fact that the wicket had been slightly sabotaged by a loose screw from one of O'Reilly's boots at the Pavilion end. Now, surely, was the moment for a *coup d'état*, instead of which we had Clark bowling instead of Hopwood, while the shine was only partially off the semi-new ball, and England's hopes sank to zero."

Unfortunately our leaders are not able to reply to this kind of carping attack. If WYATT only had the powers of an ancient Greek tyrant or a modern Continental dictator he would be able to have all the former ex-captains of England roasted alive in a brazen bull.

★ ★ ★

The following reaches me from China:—

"FOR SALE.—Beautiful and strong horse about five feet tall, and four and a half years old. It is gray-green in colour and has many marks on its body like chrysanthemums. It is not only very tame, but also runs very fast. If any one wants to buy this horse they may inquire of Mr. Lin at the following place:

Yu Hsing Mules Store,
Tung Chu Shih K'u.
Tel. 2381 S. (Branch)."

Now that is what I call a good advertisement. Here is a man who writes good, strong, pure English, with none of those silly technical phrases in it that only confuse and annoy.

How often have I not longed to say to a mounted acquaintance when he meets me in his strength and pride: "What a fine petunia-coloured steed you are sitting on! Is it irritable or tame? Can you make it run swiftly, or does it only go slow?"

But I can't. He would mock me for not understanding the jargon of the horsey world.

Let me say at once to TUNG CHU SHIH K'U that I would buy his strong and beautiful horse immediately if I had the money and if I thought it would tone with my complexion which is rather antirrhinum-coloured just now.

★ ★ ★

About this, which comes from India, I am not so sure:—

"WORLD ANTISEPTIC

(WORLD MUST GROW ANTISEPTIC)

Cheero Ladies, cheero Lords,
Cheero Gentles, cheero Jolls,
Cheero Boys, cheero Bobs,
Cheero Lasses, cheero Lasseis,
Cheero Doves, cheero Dots;
It is the Worlds, Federation,
Jubilee, Federation,
Of Nations and peoples Leagues;
The People must grow Anti-septic
By sending Health papers,

To the press, and the people;
And having Health talks;
And let the World grow, *Aseptic*
By reading and knowing,
Anti-Septics, & Anti-Constipatives.

KAKU. M. HIRANANDANI.
Health Hygiene Institute Bureau, Doctor."
West Kacha, Hyd. Sind.

But whatever it may mean, and I haven't the faintest notion, it seems to strike a note of optimism in a doubtful and timorous world.

★ ★ ★

And here is a pleasant little piece of bureaucracy from our own dear land.

"OBTAINING THE FORMS.

How to set about it.

1. Find out which Traffic Area you are in (your local Dealer will tell you or you can find out at the nearest Police Station).
2. Write to the Clerk to the Commissioner of that Area (addresses given below) telling him you wish to apply for a licence or licences.
3. He will send you a form called 'A Request for Application Forms.'
4. Fill in this form and give it to him.
5. By return of post you will receive the *actual* forms upon which you have to apply.
6. Fill in these forms and send them to the Commissioner's Office as soon as you can."

You might have fancied that you could just go up to the counter and say, "Please give me one of your Traffic forms," and fill it in on the spot. But in England we hate to bring two strong men together to help each other to fill up a form until every resource of human ingenuity has been employed to keep them apart.

★ ★ ★

A correspondent informs us that when Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW arrived in New Zealand a Press representative cabled to an English paper to ascertain how much space they intended to allow for news of SHAW. The reply came:—

"NOTHING SHAW UNLESS ACCIDENT."

So mutable (in some quarters) is fame.

EVOE.

To a Greenheart Trout-Rod.

By chalk streams we've rambled, where chattering reaches

Tug gently the sleeves of the bean-scented field;
By deep silent pools under Hertfordshire beeches:

By reed-bed and mill-race—the breadth of the Weald,
Through England to Durham from apple-cheeked Devon,
From Worcester to Lincoln, from Kent to the Wall,
I've fished with you, Greenheart, full days blessed by Heaven,

From bar mouth to burn head, on lakes great and small.

Ochaine! But 'tis further afield that we've wandered—

Through Ireland to Kerry and northwards by Clare;
While Scotland has seen us, in Ross we have dandered,
By Findhorn, Glenalmond, the Don and Loch Gair.

So here's to you, Greenheart, a toast for the morrow
(Brave picture you'll be in full tackle adorned),
And here's to the days that are past—joy and sorrow—
The big 'uns we've captured, the lost ones we've mourned.



THE STIPENDIARIES; OR, EX-CAPTAINS ALL.

"PRISONER WYATT, THE CHARGE IS THAT AT 3.31 P.M., WHEN YOUR COUNTRY WAS IN A PERILOUS POSITION, YOU NEGLECTED TO PUT ON THE RIGHT BOWLER AT THE WRONG END."



IF THE NEW WHITE LINES FAIL, THE AUTHORITIES INTEND TO INSTALL THE ABOVE SYSTEM AT ALL CROSSING-PLACES. USE OF THE SYSTEM WILL BE COMPULSORY, AND PEDESTRIANS ATTEMPTING TO CROSS BY ANY OTHER MEANS WILL BE LIABLE TO A FINE OF FORTY SHILLINGS AND IMPRISONMENT FOR FIFTEEN YEARS WITH HARD LABOUR.

As Others Hear Us.

Visiting Shakespeare.

"Is this it?"

"I suppose it must be. At least that's the bridge anyway. I *definitely* call it the exact image of a biscuit factory."

"D'you know, I absolutely don't. I think it's marvellous. This is where we park."

"Well, it isn't a bit like Shakespeare, that's all. At least, it isn't my idea of him. And all those people on the roof and everything."

"I can't help it, I call it good. What I mean is, the *line*."

"Oh, of course, everything is line nowadays. It's O.K. as far as that goes, only just not Shakespeare, that's all. Still, I daresay he was frightfully broadminded and wouldn't have cared, and the inside's probably super."

"Goldfish, I believe."

"Are those them? They look dead

to me, but I daresay they aren't really. Fish often look absolutely dead when they aren't a bit, I believe. The inside's rather good, isn't it?"

"Personally I think it's rather on the foul side, although I shouldn't mind if it was a cinema. That's what it looks like to me. Not really *Shakespeare*, you know."

"Seventeen and eighteen are the numbers, and they say you can't hear a sound, whatever part of the house you sit in. Come on."

"Do you know the whole of *Much Ado* inside out and upside down?"

"I do in a way, because we did it at school my last term. I expect I've forgotten most of it."

"Here's the programme, and you might just give me an idea of the plot or something."

"Well, all right; here's threepence."

"No, rot; that's O.K."

"We said halves. Otherwise I wouldn't have come."

"I'd much rather not."

"We said halves; and anyway let's not waste time because of telling you the plot. This isn't Celia and Rosalind, is it?"

"Well, they aren't on the programme. Oh, no, it's Beatrice and Benedick. I thought so."

"Well, look here, it's like this. This top one, who comes first on the programme, is called Leonato, and he's got a daughter called Hero and a niece called Beatrice, and those are the two girls."

"Then what are Margaret and Ursula?"

"Two maids or something. And there's Claudio who's in love with Hero, and Benedick who isn't in love with Beatrice, and they've got a friend who's one of the others on the programme but I can't remember which."

"I see."

"Well, the friend—I think it's the Prince of Arragon but I'm not sure—thinks it would be frightful fun to make them fall in love with each other,

so they all pretend to think they are, though they know really they aren't, but they make each of them think the other is, so they both do."

"How utterly futile!"

"Yes, I know, but that's Shakespeare all over, isn't it? And that isn't all either. They get into a frightful muddle later on about Hero and think she's gone off the rails, so Claudio decides to let the wedding go on absolutely up to the 'I will' stage, and then gives her the chuck publicly in church."

"What a complete cad!"

"I know, and the Prince backs him up. And then she faints and they think she's dead, and the old father or someone says they'll pretend she's *really* dead."

"What for?"

"I suppose they think it'll make it simpler or something. In the end they find out it's none of it true, and the old father pretends that Claudio must marry a cousin to make up."

"What cousin?"

"Oh, not any cousin really. It's Hero all the time, pretending to be a cousin who's exactly the same."

"I thought you said Hero was dead."

"Not in the least dead. They only just thought she was."

"I see. Like you and the goldfish."

"Well, of course, Claudio is completely taken in and goes prancing off to church all over again, and meanwhile Beatrice and Benedick have decided to get married too. That's why it's called *All's Well that Ends Well*, I suppose."

"I suppose it is, only actually, if you don't mind my saying so, it's called *Much Ado About Nothing*."

"It comes to exactly the same thing."

"Honestly I don't think the plot's terribly good, do you?"

"Utterly bogus. Still, Shakespeare's Shakespeare, isn't he?"

"Oh, absolutely. I've felt that all along."

E. M. D.

Grouse on Ice.

ABOUT five years ago we thought it would be nice to have a refrigerator. A year later we decided that a refrigerator would be a positive economy. The following summer (in August) we resolved that another summer without a refrigerator would be intolerable. Last year we nearly went bankrupt through the absence of a refrigerator, and this year, at the first glimmer of sun, we turned down the gas-fire, donned our heaviest overcoats and, pointing out to one another that it was



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

no use waiting until the summer was half over, went out and bought the thing—just like that. Almost, one might say, on the spur of the moment.

The refrigerator people were really very nice about it. They entirely saw our point about getting the thing settled *early*. In fact they pointed out that to ensure delivery it was absolutely necessary.

I had a certain amount of trouble with Mary about it. The original idea had been that the refrigerator was to be an investment which would make our fortune out of food which didn't go bad and the current it didn't use. But in the face of long rows of shiny white refrigerators I seemed to detect a subtle change in the emphasis. True, our salesman pointed out that the cost of running was infinitesimal, but Mary

seemed more interested in weird dishes which our salesman swore had been made by refrigerating (I understood) a mixture of egg-shells and cheese-rind.

Well, we have had our refrigerator three months now, and, looking back at the thing dispassionately, I suppose one must admit that it has been a success. It is quite true—things don't go bad in it. They go a bit hard, and when you bite them the sensation is rather one of eating icicles and powdered glass, but the fact remains—they don't go bad. I will pass over the touch of pneumonia I had in the first week. One can only learn by experience, and, as Mary quite rightly says, I should probably have had it anyhow. And if Cook *did* consider that in some peculiar way the refrigerator was an



"THIS TOAST'S VERY TOUGH AGAIN."

"THAT'S THE CORK MAT YOU'VE GOT, DARLING."

attempt to "put upon her" and therefore an excuse to leave suddenly and inconveniently, it *was* only an excuse. And she wasn't such a *very* good cook.

My one doubt indeed about the success of our refrigerator has been on the score of expense. I suppose an increase in housekeeping expenses was only to be expected. As Mary points out, we are bound to need a lot more cream for ice-cream, and asparagus-tips to go in aspic and aspic to go round asparagus-tips, and so on. Otherwise it wouldn't be worth while having the thing. But consider the following list of extraordinary costs (all of them conservative). Some of them, it is true, may be due to Mary's habit of running the thing on full-bore, so to speak, all the time:—

(1) Forty-seven people to dinner and a lot of Mary's friends to lunch (all because she wanted to show off), say	£21 15 0
(2) Valuable antique butter knife (bent in trying to cut butter), say..	5 0 0
(3) Dentist (excessive ice-cream)	5 5 0
(4) Doctor (touch of pneumonia in first week)	10 10 0
(5) Repairs to denture (damaged on cheese)	7 10 0
(6) Uncle Claude (depreciation in good will. Ice on Liebfraumilch)	200 0 0
(7) Extra cost of gas-fire (always necessary after dinner)	4 0 0

I can't help feeling that we could have let an awful lot of milk go bad and still been in pocket on Uncle Claude alone. But I don't want to complain or be old-fashioned. Things are settling down now Cook has left, and a sense of proportion is coming back to our meals. There was a time when dinner used to be something like this:

Cold Consommé
(very cold).

Something in Aspic.

(I now know exactly what SHAKESPEARE meant when he cried, "This is an aspic's trail!" ANNE HATHAWAY had just been given a refrigerator.)

Ice Cream.

Iced Coffee.

Iced Lemonade. Iced Sauterne.

Just Ice.

But, as I say, things are better now. Our new cook stands no nonsense from Mary, which is perhaps just as well. And only the other night we had some ice-cream which was every bit as good as the sort you stop and buy one of or from.

Whither Brighton?

"BRIGHTON MOVES.

WEEK-END SEARCH OVER THE DOWNS."
Evening Paper Heading.

"There was a deep square leg and a mid-on, one slip rather wide, mid-off and extra pumps, two fire escapes, and an 85ft. water cover. Verity's first over was a maiden."

Evening Paper.

We cannot pretend to be surprised.

"So far the Board has not considered the question of restricting the amount of bath water, but the public should realise that the money they save in every way the less there is for any restrictions."—*Daily Paper.*
Then why save it?

Meditations on Drink in Times of Drought.

WHEN I was young and thirsty,
as Boys are,
I found great Consolation in a Jar
Filled with a wondrous tincture,
bitter-sweet,
Of Sugar, Raspberries and Vinegar.

Though moderate in my Use of
Malt and Hops,
I still find Joy in Ginger when it
pops;
But hitherto have failed to
recognise
Virtue in Juice distilled from
Turnip-tops.

Of all the various Forms of Half-
and-Half
None is more potable than Shandy
gaff,
Which, though its Derivation be
obscure,
Makes me desire the Neck of a
Giraffe.

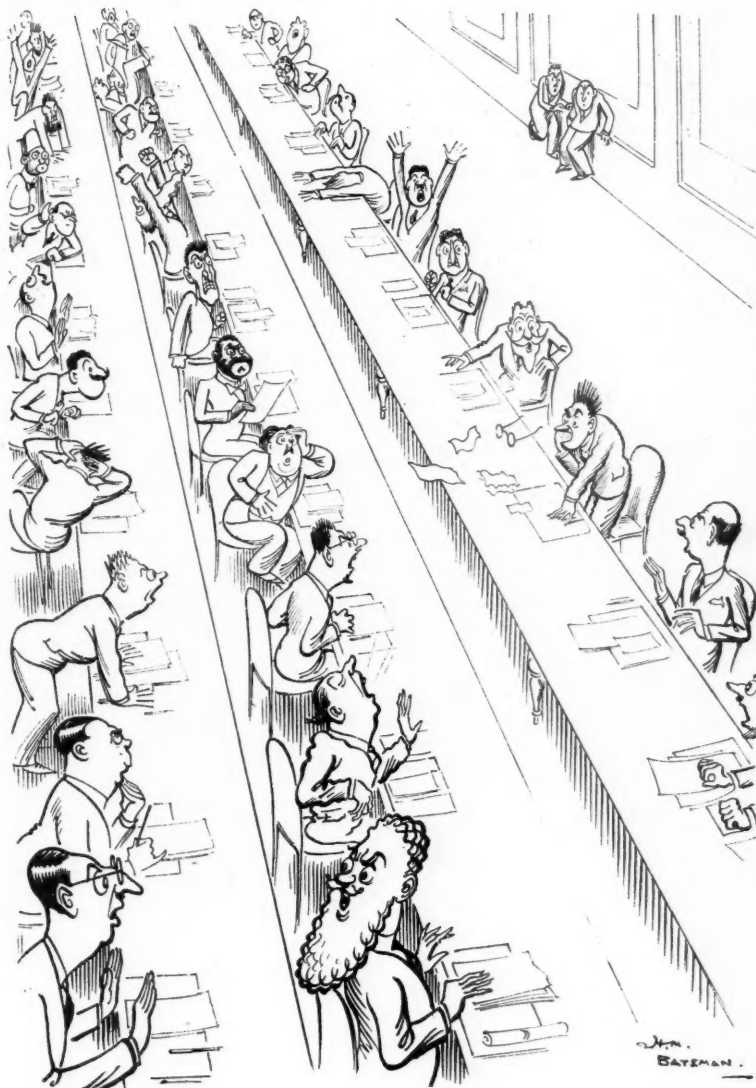
Later, I mind me how a Pint of
Wine
(Club Vouvray) cost me only One-
and-nine;
Now frugal by Constraint in
leaner years
I sip my Barley-water when I
dine.

When Knights of old went forth
to war with Dragons
Their Strength was usually stayed
with Flagons;
Heroic Athletes of these later
Days
Refresh their Energies from Water-
wagons.

The Bards of Yore extolled the
Clink of Cannikins;
Australians drink (or drank) their
Tea in Pannikins;
Only an expert Cocktail-shaker
knows
The favourite Poison of our Maids
and Mannikins.

OMAR KHAYYÁM, interpreted by
"FITZ,"
Did not frequent the C*rrlton or
the R*tz,
But drank from Wine-jugs in
the Wilderness
Without Recourse to Soda or to
Splits.

PINDAR, a Poet of momentous
Quill,
Gave Praise unqualified to Nature's
Rill;



THE STATESMAN WHO SAID THAT HIS COUNTRY WOULD PAY.

And yet I humbly venture to
suggest
It does not altogether Fill the
Bill.

Happy are those who, suitably
arrayed,
And with their Thirst judiciously
allayed,
Remote from Cities and the
madding Crowd,
Fear not to speak of Ninety in
the Shade. C. L. G.

Pegasus Goes West.

"HORSESHOE FALLS IN BRITISH GUIANA."
Daily Paper Heading.

Dirty Work in the Cricket-Field.

"... Lancashire cut a similar figure
against Derbyshire, for whom Mitchell sput
the ball bewidderingly."—Sunday Paper.

"Greyhound racing had brought on bet-
ting course facilities, as almost a nightly
event in most of the turban districts in the
country."—Evening Paper.
Not to mention the cloth-cap districts.

"In the second set, Miss Jacobs, plying
her chops with almost diabolical cunning and
regularity, had the vital lead once more when
she won Miss Hartigan's service for 3-1."

Daily Paper.

Which reopens the question, Should
chewing-gum be permitted at Wim-
bledon?

The Most Elusive.

AMONG the many forms of employment which in reflective mood I feel I should like to have followed and even to have adorned, that of the nurseryman comes very near the top. To be all among those blooms so soothing or exciting to the eye, so fragrant on the air, and on occasion, after losing a bet, say, or needing to buy for a lovely lady one of the new straw hats, to be able to sell a few—how charming an existence! But I go on to wonder if, had Fate directed my youthful steps towards a floral nursery instead of towards the inkpot, I should have been more successful than the nurserymen of to-day are in being on the spot, or even within hail, when customers arrive.

For this, I think, is the most curious characteristic that the fraternity possess—this faculty, this gift, I would even say this genius, for being absent, and for arranging that the structure labelled "Office" and all the neighbouring sheds and greenhouses shall be empty, or, if not empty, that only men trained to disregard your presence shall be there. For another peculiarity of these vineyards is the profound insensibility of the labourers in them, the stooping men who occur here and there knee-deep in herbage and who obviously see you but do nothing about it. Life has no acuter problem than this: where, in a nursery-garden, is the man who ought to be attending to you concealed?

When at last someone does make an appearance, either from a considerable distance, advancing slowly, or suddenly and almost supernaturally close at hand from an unexpected quarter, he is always an underling and not the chief. But he turns out to be normal enough, of the earth earthy, and very simple in the matter of clothes, dressing with regard for nothing whatever but comfort, in the oldest trousers you ever saw, very baggy at the knees and with a battered hat which, for all its broad brim, has been useless to keep his kindly stolid features from the burn of the sun. Such is the nurseryman who at last is at your service, and who also turns out to be, if not nimble-witted, at least sympathetic, understanding and courteous, so that this reluctance to materialise may be said to be his only outstanding oddity, not unaccompanied, however, by a further reluctance to do any business, indicated by the necessity of going back somewhere to fetch a piece of paper on which to write the order, as though that were a new idea.

And possibly it is. Possibly there are people so base—or bage, as, with *Mrs.*

Gamp, I prefer to call it—as to make nursery-gardens the scene of their idle promenades, sauntering and admiring and even asking the price, with no intention whatever of buying, and moreover so numerous that nurserymen have got out of the habit of expecting trade at all. In the same spirit, I am told, women can attend those human flower-shows, mannequin-parades.

To an impatient practical mind there is something fascinating in such detachment, in mental processes so deliberate, in an unworldliness that causes perplexity as to how nurserymen live at all, especially when it is remembered that even when their objection to selling anything has been overcome, the deal can never be completed on the spot. For no one ever went to a nurseryman and took anything away and paid for it then and there. Nothing that one wants is ready to be moved yet. You buy not for to-day but for next spring or next autumn, and the best promise that a nurseryman can give is that somewhere in the future the things will be delivered. And so you turn away and walk back to the gate, through masses of delectable plants which, because it is not the time to move them, no one can ever possess, wondering if it were not kinder to leave the poor fellow alone.

I have been wondering very seriously if Fate did not make a mistake all those years ago. Such rewards as quill-driving can attain to are trifling beside the satisfaction of living for ever in a garden, to say nothing of the satisfaction of being independent and keeping people waiting. Indeed the nurseryman's condition is ideal. He can, as I have shown, be just as care-free and shabby in attire as he wants; and what could be better or more comfortable than that? He is continually near to Nature, among beautiful things. And, so far as I know, he is not a grumbler as the agriculturist can be. At any rate the papers are not full of the complaints of nurserymen as they are of those of farmers.

And when it is dark he can taste the pleasures of literature too, for what fun he must have in peppering his catalogues with all those alluring adjectives. Had I become a nurseryman I might at this moment be finding epithets for roses and delphiniums instead of—well, instead of what I am at this moment doing. All my writing life I have wanted to say of something that it was "richly imbricated"; but not being sure of what the term means I have denied myself that joy. But nurserymen are using it all the time.

I think Fate made a sad mistake.

E. V. L.

Well!

I was so pleased with myself that I invited the Vicar to breakfast.

"Delightful!" he said. "I think there are few delicacies to be compared with a freshly-gathered mushroom. You are indeed energetic."

I agreed with him. I had risen at dawn or thereabouts, crept from the cottage without waking Pamela, and sallied forth on purpose to gather mushrooms—a pleasant enough occupation on a fresh summer morning and one which created an unmistakable appetite.

Pamela was up and preparing breakfast when we arrived. She welcomed the Vicar and carried off the mushrooms. We had not long to wait.

I removed the cover from the dish with pleasurable anticipation—then looked a question at Pamela.

Pamela smiled. "Darling, we aren't having mushrooms this morning."

"But, my dear, mushrooms should be eaten at once. That's why I got up so early."

"I know," said Pamela; "but you see, darling, I'm terribly nervous about toadstools, so I thought I would make quite sure they really were mushrooms."

"Well?" I said.

"Well, there are a lot of toadstools in the garden, so I picked some to compare them with your mushrooms."

"Well?" I asked again.

"Well, I compared them, and of course they were quite different."

"Well?"

"Well, unfortunately, in comparing them I got them all mixed up and then I simply couldn't remember which were yours and which were the garden ones."

"Well?"

"Well, darling, I thought we simply must be on the safe side, so I threw them all away."

"Well, well!" said the Vicar.

Another Impending Apology.

"9.20 (21.20).—Beauty Blots. 1, Lord Ponsonby."—*Wireless Programme*.

"COULD NOT KNIT FOR NEURITIS."

African Paper.

"For nuts" is the accepted phrase.

"The — Private Hotel, Southsea. Please give up a trial."—*Daily Paper Adet.*
Very well, then, since you insist.

"A cloudburst, described as the worst for many years, occurred yesterday at Rainow, near Macclesfield."—*Channel Islands Paper.*
Mr. Punch, with admirable self-control, refrains from comment.



LITERARY CIRCLES

T. DERRICK

Advertise Audibly.

(An advertisement hoarding in Paris is fitted with a loud-speaker.)

THOUGH, metaphorically, shouts and cries
Have issued from our poster'd walls
for years,
We shut them out if we but closed our
eyes;
But now harsh horrid sounds assail
our ears.
What use to linger in the flowery dells
Or wend our way along the grassy
leas
When raucous and reverberating yells
Are wafted on the gentle summer
breeze?

I wandered down a narrow country lane
Between two meadows wet with
morning dew;
A voice screeched, "Pipper's Plasters
Cure All Pain!
Wear one, and you will feel and look
like new!"
I climbed the mountain's solitary
height;
I would commune with Nature all
alone;
But came a roar, "Your Shoes Are
Much Too Tight!
A pair of 'Trotalonga' you must own!"

They bellowed at me from the river's
brink,
Hoarse echoes followed through the
woodland glade,
Insisting that the only stuff to drink
Was Aunt Louisa's Limpid Lemonade.
Advertisements now talk, and I fore-
see
That very soon they will be walking
too;
Then we shall be pursued by Trickle's
Tea
And hunted home by Licket's Liquid
Glue.

Why Cricketers?

Not long ago they had one of those nonsensical debates in the House of Commons in which elderly men rise up and lay down the law concerning the food of the people. It was just after the arrival of a cricket eleven from Australia, and I remember that someone (I think Mr. ISAAC FOOT) remarked that Mr. BRADMAN did not drink beer. The speaker added that he was quite sure that the Australian cricketers would not require a half-hour's "extension" during a Test Match. As a serious contribution to the question whether it was right for the people of Sheffield (I think it was) to have a half-hour's extension during the summer I did not myself think much of it. But some Member, quite rightly, treated it as seriously as its author, and he rose up and said that, on the other hand, Dr. W. G. GRACE did often take a glass of ale. And so the great Pageant of Parliament rolls on.

I assume that the evidence on both sides was accurate. But I remember wondering at the time why in the world the habits of cricketers of all people should be held up as a model for the general population. I have the greatest admiration for Dr. GRACE and Mr. BRADMAN, both of whom I believe to be good cricketers; but if you told me that Mr. BRADMAN drank three gallons of lime-juice before breakfast every day and that Dr. GRACE drank a gallon of champagne at every lunch I should still be unimpressed; and I should still take leave to order my diet according to my own ideas.

Why cricketers? An excellent game, no doubt; but it does not call for any particular brain-power. It can be played, as we know, by children and old men; and I should have thought that any dietetic conclusions founded upon the performances of this cricketer or that were completely valueless. All I know is that the best cricketers seem to be incapable of sticking to their work for more than an hour without a draught of lemonade, and that, no matter how urgent the business is, they insist on having their tea. I work for many hours a day without any refreshment at all, and if I have to finish a job by 6.30 I give tea a miss.

Indeed I take it as slightly insulting

to the workers of the nation that we should be asked to arrange our lives after the example of cricketer or any other athlete. Some fool of a woman the other day sent me the photograph of some fat girl who had just won the swimming championship somewhere; and, "Yah!" said the fool (or words to that effect), "little Gretel drinks nothing but milk." As if I cared! Little Gretel had the face of a half-wit and will probably die of fatty degeneration. I might have sent the fool photographs of Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY and Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT and said, "These gentlemen wrote very good books. Both of them drank wine (and even brandy) with their dinner. Your little Gretel can't write such good books. Yah!"

I didn't. I might have said, "The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE drinks wine;

tennis-players and cricket-players, who have my sympathy. But what is all this? Sore throats, diphtheria, stom-achic pains, nervous breakdowns, fever, spots! Really, really! And all because they have been playing a game in the hot sunshine.

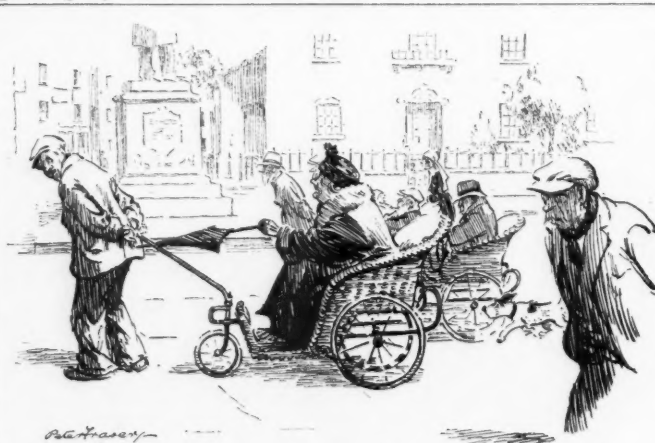
Well, for the last ten days I have been working extremely hard in the hot sunshine—from nine-thirty or ten to six-thirty or seven; and every evening I have taken some "alcohol." And, touching wood, I have never felt better.

What does all this prove, Mr. ISAAC FOOT? Nothing. Go up top.

A. P. H.

Gare!

[“The general manager of Glasgow Corporation Transport has declared: ‘The pedestrian is unquestionably the most careless, negligent and thoughtless of all road users.’”]



"KEEP IT UP, WILKINS; WE'RE PASSING EVERYTHING."

HOLA! Voilà!
Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?

Attention,
Piéton, piéton,
Tu n'es pas bon,
Toujours se promenant
Si lentement
Et négligemment
Dans une reverie,
Tellement étourdi,
Tout à coup
(Comme un fou!)
Abasourdi
Par le ton
Du klakson
Dans la rue
Où l'automobiliste
(Ce diable triste,
Toujours sur ta piste)
Te tue.
Va
Plus vite que ça!!

The Lay Lawyer.

775, Lincoln's Inn,
January 3rd.

DEAR SIR,—We have been instructed to act for Mr. Brown, who informs us that he has contracted to buy your house at Gerrard's Cross. We would be glad, therefore, if you would furnish us with the name of your solicitors so that we can get into communication with them.

Yours faithfully,
PRETTY, PRETTY & Co.

344, Ducksee Road,
January 5th.

DEAR SIR,—Thanks for your letter. I am afraid I cannot furnish you as you

most of the Cabinet drink wine; many of the Bishops drink wine; and John Jones, who works in the shipyards and blast-furnaces (and won the War), drinks beer. If you think that any profession ought to model its meals on those of another (which I do not), let us take an example from the great intellects of the country, the leaders of thought, and the workers of the world, and not from the charming but absurd race of athletes. Meanwhile, your silly swimmer can drink ink for all I care; and do not send me her fat figure again."

I didn't. But—O Temperance! O Mores!—what is our poor country coming to that such an argument can be solemnly pronounced in the House of Commons and solemnly recorded, at the public expense, in *Hansard*?

I should not have returned to this sad subject to-day but for the recent lamentable outburst of ill-health among—of all people—the tip-top

require, because I am acting for myself in the matter. It is my opinion that a man who cannot sell a simple freehold house unaided, just as he would sell his watch, is a fool.

Assuring you that no offence is meant,

I am, Yours faithfully,
PETER BUMBLE.

P.S.—I am sure that with such a delightful name you will buy my house most efficiently.

775, Lincoln's Inn,

Ref. PP. Enc. January 6th.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of and thank you for your letter of yesterday's date, and note what you say about acting for yourself in this matter. I accordingly enclose Requisitions on Title, and would be glad if you would return them together with your replies thereto as soon as possible.

Yours faithfully,
PRETTY, PRETTY & Co.

344, Ducksee Road,

Your ref. : PP. January 14th.

DEAR SIR,—I have struggled hard with your Requisitions on Title—I really have. I have even tried (in sheer desperation) thinking of them as mere questions and not as Requisitions at all, but to no avail. However, to avoid disappointing you altogether I enclose the ones I have been able to deal with.

Yours faithfully,
PETER BUMBLE.

[Enclosure]

REQUISITIONS ON TITLE TO FREEHOLD LAND.

Who is the Lord of the Manor? Has he any rights in respect of sporting rights, minerals, timber and franchise?

This place is not called the Manor at all but the Larches. I am Lord of the Larches.

Is the property drained separately into the main sewer?

Our plumber says Ay.

Have any and what priority notices been registered, to the Vendor's knowledge, in accordance with Section 4 of the Law of Property Act, 1925?

The Vendor's knowledge, although substantial, does not lie in this direction at all.

Is the property sold subject to any covenant or agreement restrictive to the user or enjoyment thereof or otherwise?

Our cat, Susan, has twice been warned against digging up the plants next-door.



"ESCAPE ME—NEVER!"

How is access had to the premises, both back and front?

By the back-door and front-door respectively.

Is the property sold, or any part thereof subject to any and what Right of Way, Water, Light or Drainage, or to any other Easement, or to any Public Right, or to any right of common, profit à prendre, or other right of any kind, or to any Quit Rent, Heriot or other Manorial incident, or to any liability to repair any road, bridge, sewer, drain,

dyke or sea-wall, or to any other similar liability?

I have dug up the garden thoroughly and have found no sign or even evidence of any dyke or sea-wall. This is most strange, don't you think? As to the rest, I am asking the Vicar to-morrow, as he is a very knowledgeable sort of man.

Has any Notice been served or complaint made by the County Council, Urban District Council, or any other Local Authority or Water Company, or



"MY WIFE IS FULL OF IDEAS. 'NO, ALEC,' SHE SAID, 'CRAZY-PAVING IS ORDINARY, WE'LL HAVE A CRAZY-FENCE.'"

by any person in relation to the property or with reference to the state of repair or the sanitary condition thereof?

Well, quite frankly, a cook we had two years ago was rather suspicious of the drains, but my wife gave her notice before she could properly complain. I was very sorry that you brought this up as it is still rather on our consciences.

775, Lincoln's Inn,
Ref. PP. 15th January.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter enclosing Replies to Requisitions. I am afraid, however, that they are hardly satisfactory or relevant to the matter in hand, so I send you herewith Further and Better Requisitions.

Yours faithfully,
PRETTY, PRETTY & Co.

344, Ducksee Road,
Your ref. : PP. January 16th.

DEAR SIRS,—Damn. I have passed the whole business on to my solicitors.

Yours finally,
PETER BUMBLE.

Restraint.

New York.

"COME out and spend the whole day with us," said my amiable New York American friend who lives on Long Island. "I'd like to have you meet my little son Edgar. He's a swell kid."

My heart sank. For the benefit of the untravelled I should mention that when visiting this country it is wiser to accept the hospitality of childless couples if you are to be received into the home-life of your hosts. The reason for this can only be understood after an encounter with the American child.

"We bring Edgar up on English principles," continued my friend.

Across the horizon came a ray of hope. "Really?"

"Yes. We spoil our children over here. You manage them so much better in England. You teach them restraint."

I should like to say at once that Edgar did indeed differ from the usual American small boy of which I have had such painful experience. I mean he did not present a deadly efficient toy gun and begin to shoot at sight in my

direction; he did not go off into bursts of loud, piercing, unreasonable laughter nor jump up and down on the furniture with shouts, cries and contortions. He entered the room quietly and said nothing at all—perhaps because he was devouring a popsickle. This is a curious confection indigenous to the country, being a block of ice-cream coated with chocolate and impaled on a stick. It requires expert handling to consume, particularly when it begins to melt.

"How are you, Edgar? Pleased to meet you," I said brightly, holding out my hand.

(Further note for the untravelled: Never commit the unpardonable fault of offering to kiss any American boy over eighteen months and under sixteen years old in the United States of America.)

Edgar approached me, temporarily removing the popsickle from his mouth.

"I don't like your hat," he announced.

I started. He could not from the whole vocabulary of words have chosen five more likely to disconcert me at that moment. I had recently acquired

the hat in Fifth Avenue, it being one of those odd tilted styles with an absurdly small thimble crown and universally affected by New Yorkers just now. I had been doubtful about its effect above my purely British features, in spite of the saleswoman's fulsome praise; but now I knew. It did not suit me. I looked absurd in it. My day was spoiled.

"Have you brought any candy?" he pursued.

I shook my head and wondered how long I was to be left alone with this monster.

"Most all the other folk who come visiting us bring me candy," confided Edgar.

"I'll—I'll send you some when I get back to New York, Edgar."

"A large box?"

"Of course."

"How large?"

"Oh—so big." I made signs like a fisherman describing the best catch of the day.

"No, you won't. A box of candy that size'd cost about ten dollars."

"Well, perhaps I have ten dollars."

"You're not staying the night, are you?"

"No, Edgar."

"That's swell. Say, why do you talk so queer? You're English, aren't you?"

"Yes, Edgar."

"Gosh! I'm glad I'm American."

"So am I, Edgar."

It was at this point of the conversation that the dreadful thing happened. The popsickle, beginning to melt, was about to detach itself from the stick. To recover it, Edgar jerked it sharply—too late, however. The chocolate-cream mass leapt into the air and descended into my lap. . . . Oh, my beautiful floral chiffon gown, my choicest, favourite, most expensive frock! I leapt to my feet.

I will admit at once that I have a quick temper. It is over in a minute with me, but while it lasts it is a minute that counts.

"You've ruined my frock, you loathsome little beast!" I said, and, seizing Edgar, I shook him hard—

probably for the first time in his life. Only as my hostess entered the room did I realise how inexcusable my conduct had been as a guest. With bowed head I waited for the vile Edgar to burst into recriminations.

"Well, have you two been entertaining each other?" she said.

I looked at Edgar, who had only just recovered his breath from the shaking I had given him. He said nothing. So he did not intend to denounce me after all.

"Why, what has happened to your dress?" now exclaimed my hostess. "Edgar, you were very naughty to bring that popsickle in here. I shall have to punish you—"

"It's nothing," I interrupted. "It was really my fault."

Edgar looked at me. Undoubtedly there was respect in his eye. "You're swell," he said; then, gathering up the fragments of popsickle that remained, he sidled out of the room.

There is something to be said for bringing a child up in the "restrained" English fashion after all. F. A. K.



THE MISOGYNIST.



Dark Tie. "EVER SEEN HARROW?"
Light Tie. "NO FEAR!"

Look for Us in the Morning.

We are the pen of England that does not cease to write
From nine o'clock in the morning to eleven o'clock at night;

We are the voice of England that does not cease to speak
From early on Saturday morning to the end of the working week;

For the trumpet of Controversy, or a hint of it more or less,
Will call us out in our thousands in the pages of the Press.
"PATERFAMILIAS," "ARCHÆOLOGIST," "SENSIBLE,"
"SHINGLED HAIR"—

Look for us in the morning and you will find us there.

"AMATEUR STATUS," "WIT," "HISTORICUS," "HOPEFUL,"
"MOTHER OF TEN,"

"LIBERAL-HANDED," "KIND BUT CANDID," "MEDICUS,"
"REGIMEN,"

"BACHELOR," "CUSTOS," "BORED," "BIOLOGIST," "VET-
ERAN," "RUSTICUS"—

What do they know of England who do not know of us?
"YOUTH," "LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI," "LOGICAL,"
"WHY PRETEND?"

"RATHER A SCEPTIC," "NOT DYSPEPTIC," "RATIONAL,"
"DUMB THINGS' FRIEND,"

"HEART-WHOLE," "HARRIED," "HAPPILY MARRIED,"
"FRIVOLOUS," "FAIR BUT SQUARE"—

Look for us in the morning and lo! we shall be there.

We are the pen of England. We do not write for gold;
We write for the honour of writing, as the poets wrote of old:
The ancient pen of England, that is steady and strong and broad,

More durable than the plough-share and more terrible than the sword.

We do not seek for Abstract or Metaphysical Truth,
But we spread ourselves for a column or more on the topic of Modern Youth.

We have probed the heart of the Modern Girl and laid her spirit bare.

Look for it in the morning and lo! it will be there.

"AMATEUR STATUS," "WIT," "HISTORICUS," "HOPEFUL,"
"MOTHER OF TEN,"

"LIBERAL-HANDED," "KIND BUT CANDID," "MEDICUS,"
"REGIMEN,"

"DISILLUSIONED," "NOT SUSCEPTIBLE," "CYNICAL,"
"WHY THE FUSS?"—

What do they know of England who do not know of us?
What do they know of England who do not know our views
On Bishops and Birth-Controllers and Dress-Reform and Jews?

For we are the brains of England, the thoughtful ones who care.

Look for us in the morning and lo! we shall be there.

P. B.



LIVERPOOL'S DAY.

THE CITY'S TUTELARY BIRD. "ALLOW ME TO CONDUCT YOU, SIR, TO THE LONGEST UNDER-WATER TUNNEL IN THE WORLD."

H.M. THE KING. "SO THE LIVER IS A DIVER AFTER ALL."

July 1

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Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, July 9th.—Commons: Minister of Agriculture's Survey.



"EGGS IS EGGS."

The MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE. "THE EGG DIFFICULTY IS A VERY REAL ONE."

Tuesday, July 10th.—Lords: Road Traffic Bill given Second Reading.

Commons: Debate on Government Shipping Policy.

Wednesday, July 11th.—Lords: Government Statement on School-Leaving Age.

Commons: Government Statement on Meat Policy. Colonial Stock Bill read Second Time. Shops Bill read Third Time.

Monday, July 9th.—No more water can be spared for Rotten Row, and result is that passing of anything on four legs throws up dust-clouds which work as potently as any snuff on two-legged users of Hyde Park. To-day FIRST COMMISSIONER did not go so far as to attribute fashionable sore throat to this cause, but he appealed to riders not to navigate Row between Hyde Park Corner and Albert Gate after 9 A.M. Equestrian readers, please note; lest ALBERT THE GOOD should sneeze his head off and drop his Exhibition Catalogue on the crowds below.

In written answer to Colonel MASON, FIRST COMMISSIONER admitted that in 1933 Tower of London was run at slight loss. Admission charges and sale of guide-books (and of photos of Bloody Tower) fell short of mainten-

ance expenses by about £5,000. If these include diet of Beef-Eaters, deficit will surprise no one. Upkeep of good Beef-Eater in first-class wolfing trim is said to cost about as much as Great Dane; but who cares? Nut-Eaters might be cheaper, but their decorative value would be *nil*.

Farm News.

Annual Demeter Lecture delivered in Commons to-day by Mr. ELLIOT, who partially accounted for world's agricultural troubles by curious fact that in last five years higher education amongst cows and chickens (plus greater capital invested in them) had raised their milk- and egg-producing efficiency respectively by 12% and 20%. Our wheat acreage was expanding nicely, but barley and oats were not in such good case. Self-government in milk industry was working well, and manufacture of condensed skimmed milk was proving success. As result of quotas prices of pigs and sheep had risen satisfactorily without unduly inflating retail prices; but prices of Fat Stock (despite B.B.C.'s paternal interest) were disappointing. Tariffs had greatly helped fruit and vegetables;



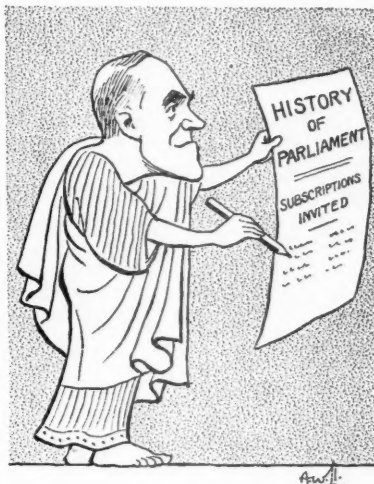
"I weep," remarked the crocodile, "I deeply sympathise."

[Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS laments the sad plight of British shipping.]

eggs remained rather hard, since they involved reciprocal considerations, while home fish boomed (like bittern) and fish for Abroad were depressed. Small wonder, poor things!

Tuesday, July 10th.—In Upper

House, Road Traffic Bill produced some interesting speeches of qualified approval. Lord PONSONBY supported it, though he disliked Government's proposal to withdraw speed-limits between midnight and 5 A.M., and had little faith in driving-tests to reduce



CLIO, THE MUSE OF HISTORY, GETS BUSY.

COLONEL WEDGWOOD.

accidents. Lord HOWE also welcomed Bill with reservations, but wishing that it might do something to eliminate bad street-lighting, homicidal surfaces and multiplication of road-signs; and so did Lord CECIL, who doubted if cars could safely share roads with pedestrians and cyclists, even at 35 m.p.h., and prophesied special tracks limited to fast traffic (which exist abroad already).

Up, Anchor!

When Commons had listened with interest to that staunch Labour man Mr. KIRKWOOD demanding fatter tariffs on motor-cars, they settled down to debate Government's shipping policy. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS led attack, and, though more seasoned humorist would have refrained from joke about scrapping and replacing old tramps on Treasury Bench, he contrived first to censure Mr. RUNCIMAN for patching up quivering relics of Capitalism and then to congratulate him on taking step on road to Socialism. He was soundly rebuked as impractical theorist by Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, who thought subsidies dangerous and "scrapping and building" unnecessary, but urged instead fighting ring of Dominions and non-subsidy countries.

"Scrapping and building" was also condemned by two shipowners, Sir HERBERT CAYZER and Colonel ROPNER,



THE DICTATOR OF BHOSH TELLS HIS SOOTHSAYERS EXACTLY HOW MUCH SOOTH THEY ARE TO SAY.

who judged Mercantile Marine good enough as it was. Sir HERBERT considered international negotiation to be real permanent solution to shipping problems, and Colonel ROPNER asked for subsidy big enough to bargain with effectively—he said £2,000,000 was far too little and therefore likely to become an annual charge. In reply Mr. RUNCIMAN announced that letters had been written that day to Dominions and foreign countries, and that he was determined to adhere to “scrap and build” policy; and he read out promise of co-operation from five important companies.

Children's Hour in Both Houses.

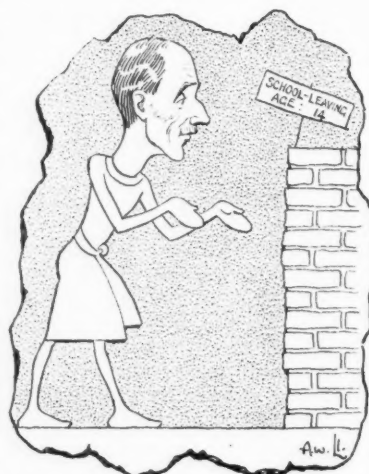
Wednesday, July 11th.—In Upper House Lord HALIFAX, in reply to Lord SANDERSON's motion asking if Government would raise school-leaving age, regretted that such a step was impracticable. It would take four years, he explained, to overcome grave administrative difficulties which would arise, and by 1938 numbers in 14-15 group of children would have declined. But main objection to raising age was its cost—somewhere about £8,000,000.

He had great hopes for juvenile instruction centres set up under new Unemployment Bill.

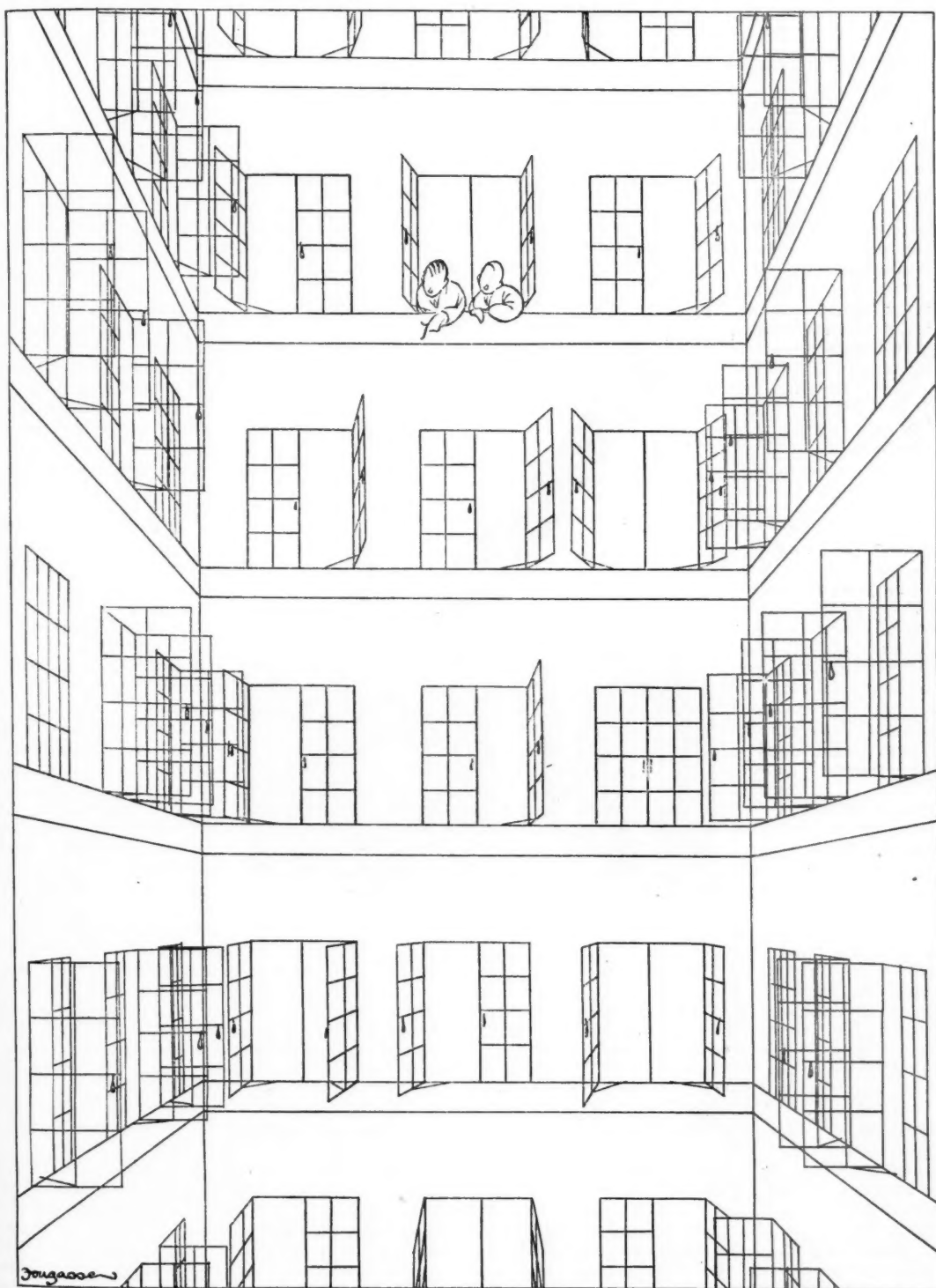
Very varied fare in Commons. At Question-Time Mr. ELLIOT announced

Government's livestock policy, which falls into two sections. (1) Beef subsidy up to £3,000,000 to cover period from September 1st, 1934, to March 31st, 1935. Necessary emergency Bill to be passed before House rises. (2) Levy on meat imports which will repay the £3,000,000 to Exchequer. Arrangements for this not to be completed until negotiations have been made with Dominions and Argentine.

In debate on Shops Bill Lady ASTOR put in humanitarian plea that 6 A.M. instead of 5 A.M. should be earliest hour at which juvenile labour should be employed, asserting that early-rising sapped children's vitality (*In opinion of Mr. P.'s R. it saps anyone's vitality and is most heartily to be discouraged. All human activities start at least two hours before they need. Must we imitate the beasts?*) But Sir WILLIAM WAYLAND emerged as exponent of toughness and roundly declared, in phrase which smacked deliciously of last century, that all this nonsense about early hours injuring young persons was sheer bogey. Amendment defeated. Government's amended Hop Marketing Scheme was duly approved.



The Builder (Lord HALIFAX). "LO, THERE IS NO STRAW GIVEN UNTO US FOR BRICKS."



"... AND THE ONE BELOW THAT AGAIN IS NUMBER 59. THAT'S THE FLAT THAT HASN'T GOT A WIRELESS."

Mrs. Birdikin's History of England.

IV.—The Norman Conquest.

"We ended our last lesson," said Mrs. Birdikin, "with the accession of King Edward the Confessor to the throne of England."

"Why was he called the Confessor, Mama?" inquired Fanny.

"If you would apply your mind to the subject in hand, Fanny," replied Mrs. Birdikin, "you would refrain from asking forward questions. Although it was an age of turbulence among the lower classes and a regrettable indulgence in bloodshed among the upper, credit for virtue was readily given where it was felt to be merited. Whenever King Edward did anything of which his conscience disapproved he took the right course of immediately confessing it, and thus gained his honourable title. I should wish that all of you would take example from this good monarch, and if at any time you are led into misbehaviour, either by the suggestion of another or the promptings of your own unregenerate natures, that you should make instant confession of it."

"Would our Papa refrain from chastising us if we pursued that course?" asked Henry.

The answer given was not wholly satisfactory, and the children in consultation afterwards saw no advantage in emulating that habit of King Edward's which had earned him his sobriquet.

"King Edward had no sons," pursued Mrs. Birdikin, "and he gave much conscientious thought to the question of who was to succeed him on the throne of England. There are some who hold that he promised it to his brother-in-law, Harold, who, though not of royal birth, was well thought of by his fellow-countrymen. But the school of historical study to which I incline has reason for the belief that his choice had fallen upon his kinsman, William, Duke of Normandy, who was undoubtedly of that opinion himself, as the sequel shows. King Edward despatched Harold on a visit to William's Court, and I ask myself whether he would have done that merely to give him an agreeable holiday. I hold, with the learned Dr. Fricker, that he expected

the two men to come to an amicable agreement, and did not foresee that immediately upon his death the question would be decided by an appeal to arms."

"I am for Harold, as he was an Englishman," said Charles.

"I have no love of the French," said Henry, "but shall await the end of our Mama's story before I declare myself."

"You will do well to do so, Henry," said Mrs. Birdikin, "for reasons which I will presently give you. But I will first relate what happened during

"Bravo, Harold!" cried Charles. "Do tell us all about the fight, Mama."

"One fight was very much like another in those days," said Mrs. Birdikin. "Knights in armour rode about using their swords and battle-axes, and common soldiers in jerkins shot arrows or cut at the horses with billhooks so as to bring the knights down. But for the valour displayed it was more like a vulgar brawl than a modern battle under a great General such as our illustrious Duke of Wellington, who would have made short work of any army in those days. Victory usually attached itself to the side that had the greater number of fighting men, and you must remember that William had to convey all of his across the English Channel in boats, and their horses too, before he could meet the English in battle at all."

"That is just what Napoleon Buonaparte intended to do," remarked Charles.

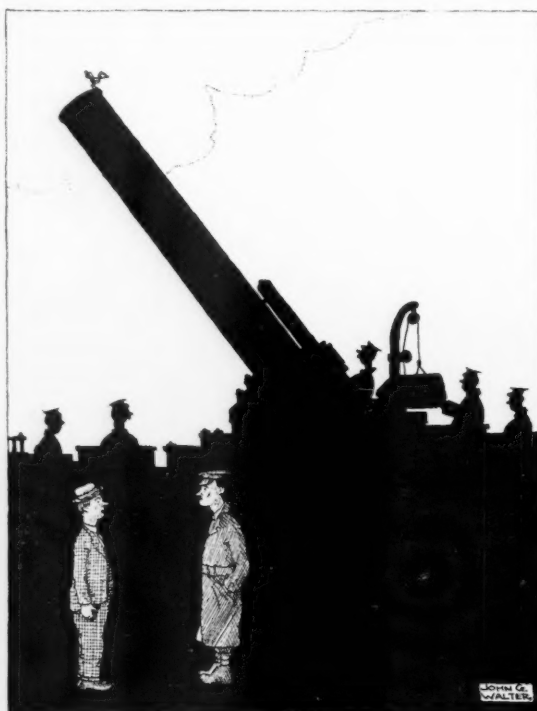
"Our shores would have been protected by our gallant Navy," said Mrs. Birdikin, "if Buonaparte had been rash enough to embark upon that enterprise. There was none such in existence to hamper the invasion of the Normans, and William's efforts were directed to collecting as many soldiers as possible for transportation. While these preparations were in progress he took measures to get the Pope of Rome on his side. There was more regular church-going in Normandy than in England at that time, and the Pope expressed himself in favour of William. He was not in a position to assist him with troops, but sent him a ring with a hair of the Apostle Peter in it, which he happened

to have by him, and William set sail for England with the full determination to conquer it or perish in the attempt."

"Did he perish, Mama?" inquired Clara.

"I opine that it was Harold who perished," said Fanny. "Harold is the name of a softie."

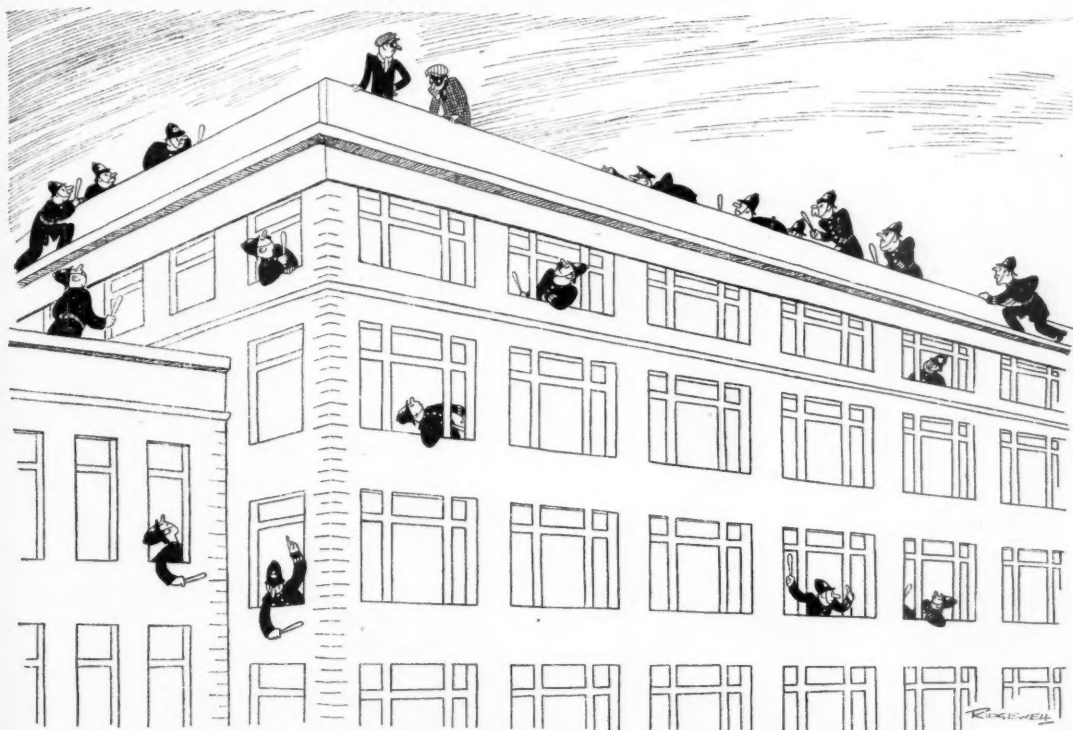
"Pray do not anticipate the course of events, Fanny," said Mrs. Birdikin. "William first landed on our shores near the watering-place of Hastings, which was not, however, at that time the fashionable resort that it has since become. It is an odd coincidence that as he leapt ashore he stumbled and fell on his face, just as Julius Caesar had done. But he was clever enough to



"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I'M AN UNEMPLOYED 'HUMAN CANNON BALL,' AND I SHOULD APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WOULD LET YOUR MEN FIRE ME OFF TWO OR THREE TIMES SO THAT I SHAN'T GET OUT OF PRACTICE."

Harold's visit. William so impressed him with the righteousness of his claim that he actually promised to support it. Nay, more, he swore an oath to that effect upon an altar, beneath which William, unknown to Harold, had taken the precaution to hide several martyrs' bones. Not long afterwards Edward the Confessor died, and Harold, without waiting for the funeral, had himself crowned King. When this came to William's ears he was greatly incensed and wrote to Harold reminding him of the oath which he had sworn on the bones of the martyrs. Harold replied to the effect that, bones or no bones, if William wanted the crown of England he must come over and fight him for it."

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"WELL, CLEVER! HAVING MADE OUR ESCAPE TO THE ROOF, WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?"

pretend that he had done it on purpose as a way of indicating that he had taken possession of the soil, a handful of which he grasped and exhibited to his delighted followers. All of them were landed in safety, and after a good night's rest proceeded to battle."

"Did not the English try to prevent the Normans from landing?" asked Charles. "Why did they not shoot at them with their arrows while they were in the boats?"

"It is possible that they did so," said Mrs. Birdikin, "but history is silent upon that point. It is said that the English spent the night before the battle in carousing, which would have been highly reprehensible, if true, and would have unfitted them for the task that lay before them. Whatever the cause, they were defeated with great slaughter; and thus came about what you will hear referred to as the Norman Conquest. William was crowned King of England and a new era of prosperity set in for our beloved country."

"And what became of Harold?" demanded the children.

"There was some doubt about Harold's fate," said Mrs. Birdikin, "until he was found dead on the battlefield the next morning with an arrow sticking in his eye, which had presumably pierced the brain. Though

a man of undoubted courage and not without his good points otherwise, he would not have inaugurated the glorious era which commenced with the Norman Conquest. We can shed a tear upon his grave, if grave he had, and pass on.

"It appears to me," said Charles, "that our ancestors were always being conquered. First it was the Romans, then the Saxons, then the Danes and then the Normans."

"It is more probable," returned Mrs. Birdikin, "that our own ancestors were among the conquerors and not the conquered. Norman blood has ever been considered a proud possession by those who have it in their veins, and it is fair to assume that it runs in those of most people of consequence. I would adjure all of you never to forget that, if it cannot be proved that the Birdikins came over with William the Conqueror, it is more than likely that your mother's ancestors accompanied him, and to bear yourselves accordingly." A. M.

"Happiness that endures comes from within; widen your interests and you will find happiness."

BUY IT AT ACTON MARKET."

From a Weighing-Machine Ticket.

We had always understood that this commodity was not for sale.

The Spirit of Eventide.

(South Africa.)

THE fiery sun with fierce and sullen blaze

Has raged the livelong day;

No respite since the scorch of his first rays

Drove the cold dawn away.

All nature wilts; the trees refuse their shade

And life is mute and still;

There is no solace in the leafy glade,
No shelter 'neath the hill.

The shadows lengthen, cooled by evening's breeze,

The sun's fierce anger dies;

There is a gentle rustling through the trees—

Nature, contented, sighs.

Swiftly, in sea of molten gold, the night

Descends, and far and wide

This hallowed hour demands a sacred rite

By custom sanctified.

A peaceful silence reigns—no sound but this

Is wafted on the breeze:

The sibilant sound of the siphon's hiss,
And gentle murmur of contented bliss—

"Up to the pretty, please."



"THEY'VE GOT THE NATIONAL, DAD. I'D BETTER PUT ON THE SAME."

"NO, YER DON'T—BUNG ON THE REGIONAL. WE'VE AS MUCH RIGHT TO THE RIVER AS WHAT THEY 'AVE."

Goring and Gobble.

I AM so bored with Gobble and with Goring,
And Himmelbaum and Bump and many more;
It's hard to say if Gobble is more boring
Or whether Goring is the bigger bore.
I only know that Goring's always roaring
And Gobble's always saying what he said;
I know the name of Goring sets me snoring
And Gobble makes me want to go to bed.
I have no doubt that Gobble will ultimately wobble
And be returned, alive or dead, to store;
I even hope that Goring may become so very boring
That Futler has to show the man the door.
But then—where are we then?—there are swarms
Of silly men,
And Himmelbaum and Bump will take the floor,
And Himmelbaum will thump all the drums in aid
Of Bump
And Bump may be an even *bigger* bore.

It's sad to think that Science, nobly slaving,
Has made it much more easy than before
To ascertain how everyone's behaving
And disseminate the news from shore to
shore,
And the one result (except for cricket scoring)
Is that any ass can propagate a roar,
That Gobble can be cosmically boring
And we can't escape from Goring any more.
I think it's time the Press began ignoring
The imbecile behaviour of the Hun,
Especially whatever's done by Goring
And what Gobble says about what Goring's
done.
But all the same, each morning finds me poring
O'er the news concerning one or other bore,
And the avenue which I am now exploring
Is familiar, I dare say, to many more. A. P. H.

The Pills.

ALTHOUGH we are insured against burglary, and although the Browns kindly keep an eye on the house while we are away for our summer holiday, Edith thinks it necessary to take additional precautions. All valuables and semi-valuables are concealed in the most unlikely places. Cupboards and desks are locked and the keys hidden. In the past I have always thought these precautions sensible, but in the matter of Peter's pills they were unfortunate.

Peter is the dog, and it happened that just before we went away this year he was put on a course of pills. Edith thinks Peter a very delicate creature, and she takes him along to the vet. whenever he seems a bit off colour. This time the vet. decided that he needed pills, and the pills were administered faithfully every morning. We took Peter with us to Munster-on-Sea, but we forgot the pills.

It was just as we were getting into bed at the hotel that Edith remembered them, and she insisted that I should phone Mr. Brown at once, tell him where the pills were and ask him to post them off. I said that I did not think Peter would die if he missed the pills for a single morning, but Edith said that you never knew, and taunted me with being too lazy to dress myself and go down into the hall and phone.

"Very well," I said, pulling on my socks and other things. "But tell me exactly where the pills are. A phone-call to Little Wobbley is going to be an expensive business, and we don't want it to be longer than necessary."

"It is quite simple," she replied. "The pills are either in the white cupboard in the bathroom or in the little drawer in the study desk. If they are in the white cupboard in the bathroom, tell Mr. Brown that he will find the key either in the Chinese bowl on top of the book-case in the morning-room or under the mat in the passage."

"I had better write this down," I said.

"If the pills are not in the white cupboard in the bathroom but in the little drawer of the desk in the study, then the key of the desk in the study is either in the left-hand drawer of the dressing-table in the spare bedroom or in the green bowl on the shelf on the upper landing. The key of the left-hand drawer of the dressing-table I am almost certain I slipped behind the picture of Uncle Josiah in the library."

I hurried downstairs and asked the porter to get me Little Wobbley 0010. After an interval of some minutes he announced that he had succeeded, and



"GOT ANY CIGARETTE-PICKCHERS, MISTER?"

"WHY, YES; I HAVE A SPARE GRETA GARBO I WOULD GLADLY EXCHANGE FOR A RHINOCEROS HORNBILL OR A WORLD'S FAMOUS BRIDGES."

then sat down as near as he could (as night-porters will) to get a bit of quiet fun out of the conversation. And as I poured my message into the ear of the man at the other end I felt that the night-porter would not be disappointed.

When I had finished I said, "You are sure you have got it right? It is most important that we should have the pills without delay. . . ."

"What number did you want?" said the voice at the other end.

"Little Wobbley 0010."

"This is Wolverhampton 0010," it said wearily, and rang off.

I felt something soft touch my arm. It was Edith.

"I'm so glad I caught you before you started speaking," she said. "I've just found the pills in my jewel-case."

Sour Grapes.

The Literary Coterie
Gets my goat-erie;
The Literary School
Is a red rag to a bhool;
As for the Literary Clique,
It makes me sique.

"The local ladies of the Voluntary Aid Detachment, who were on duty in the church and elsewhere, were by no means ornamental additions to the gatherings."—*Local Paper*.
Still, perhaps they were useful.

Diary of an Animal-Lover.

July 2nd. 2.0 P.M. Emily reports large bird in drawing-room chimney. Say that as bird-lover I cannot very well object, but Emily replies, "All right, you come and see what it's done, Sir." Do. There is large pile of soot in hearth which has already spread its tendrils for some yards over new French carpet. Chimney alive with strangerustlings and scratchings. Emily, always a realist, counsels lighting fire. Rebuke her inhumanity. She inquires have I forgotten that at four o'clock Lady Fordingbridge, Sir Archibald Balbriggan, the Misses Chavender and some others are expected to tea? Admit I had. It is raining like devil, which rules out garden. Position clearly serious. Order largest ceiling-broom to be brought immediately.

2.10. Broom discovered in potting-shed. Insinuate it with difficulty into chimney, drawing good dividend of soot, which falls on head, temporarily blinding me. Repeat operation, and am delighted when broom strikes home against large soft object like cushion. Not so delighted when large soft object utters blood-curdling scream which shatters Emily's bird-theory and proclaims beyond question presence in chimney of fat angry cat.

2.12. Emily remarks, "It's a pity the mistress is away; she do have such a lovely way with wild creatures." Remind her that I am also tireless member of R.S.P.C.A. and not without certain qualities of magnetism.

2.13. Try these out. Begin quite simply with "Puss, puss, puss!" but am greeted by supercilious hiss from vasty blackness of chimney. Feel dignity ebbing but retain control and try again, this time referring, in what I calculate to be alluring tones, to nice pint of Grade A. Only result nasty sneering noise.

2.18. Send Emily out of room to fetch electric-torch. Shut door. Return to chimney and tell cat in no uncertain manner exactly what I think of it. Animal impressed into silence by all those words I learnt in Army, but makes no attempt to descend.

2.20. Emily returns with torch. Sight it reveals is hardly reassuring. On narrow ledge, at least fifteen feet up, is crouching outside tabby of indescribably savage mien. There is that in its eye which bespeaks white heat of anger born of undisciplined character and extreme discomfort, facts amply corroborated by abnormal angle of whiskers. Retreat hastily. Am at loss, for feel that if cat be violently dislodged

it will only fall and break neck, and, though privately would not give damn, cannot afford to undermine position in Chair at village Dumb Chums meeting next Friday. What to do?

2.30. Ring up Vet. He suggests fetching cat crack with salmon-rod and catching it in landing-net. Always thought man fraud. Am still at loss.

2.35. Ring up police and inquire what instructions they have for protecting public against incursion of wild animals. Answer, none. Wonder why pay taxes.

2.40. Ring up fire-brigade. Learn that it is at Blackpool on annual outing. Wonder why pay rates.

2.45. Enter Emily again, encumbered with garden-squirt and vacuum-cleaner. Tell her latter not powerful enough to engulf such fat cat, and retire to carpentry shed. Have an idea.

3.10. Left thumb lacerated in three places and right wrist slightly dislocated, but have succeeded in securing garden-trug to long pole. Firmly, I hope.

3.15. Return to front line. Find Emily resuscitating carpet with vacuum-cleaner. She has discharged garden-squirt several times at cat, and reports it soaked but defiant and still firmly entrenched.

3.16. Introduce my apparatus to chimney and make passes at cat, whose sitting commentary is now unmistakably obscene.

3.20. Just as animal apparently cornered trug becomes detached and hurtles down chimney on to head. More substance in trugs than had imagined. Cat definitely amused. Am again at loss.

3.21. Enter Cook. Village swear she was dropped on head as baby, but she has her moments. Is this one of them? She confidently advises two herrings grilled on oil-stove under chimney, then left on hearth, while windows opened and flour strewn on sills to show traces of cat's flight. Death-warrant of carpet? Ask if herrings for my breakfast. Answer, yes.

3.22. Feeling distinctly Napoleonic, issue orders to go ahead. Cook calls in kitchenmaid, who has been waiting in passage with supplies.

3.25. Herrings frizzling nicely. Room rapidly filling up with fish-smoke. Give cat once-over with torch. A palpable fish-lover.

3.40. Cook counsels retreat. Room so thick with fumes, difficult to see, but we carry out plan and retire to points of vantage. Detail kitchenmaid to act as anti-visitor patrol. I to my study-window.

3.45. No sign of cat. Cook, who is leaning further out from her bed-

room window (awful if she fell on head again) than looks safe, signals that hope need not be abandoned. Time-element is beginning to grow exciting all the same.

3.50. No sign of cat. What to do? 3.55. Cook and I wave mutual congratulations as cat suddenly beats it, streaking across lawn dragging both herrings. Our delight dimmed by arrival of hysterical kitchenmaid to herald approach of two large motor-cars.

3.55½. Hastily summon staff and issue staccato orders for spring-cleaning and ventilation.

3.56. Greet Lady F. and Sir Archibald B. nonchalantly in hall. Offer to show them over house. They have both seen it already, but can scarcely refuse.

4.0. The Misses Chavender join the expedition.

4.10. Still showing them house. Wish to Heaven all-clear would come from Emily.

4.12. Three other guests are enrolled and parade behind me.

4.15. Fall back on attics, which are unfurnished. Show them as thoroughly as this allows. Will Emily never come?

4.20. Fall back desperately on kitchen-boiler (sixty-five years old). Explain fully its principles and construction.

4.25. As last resort am explaining why hot-cupboard gets hot when Emily comes to announce tea. Must remember to tell her not to smirk, even at close of great common adventures.

4.26. Take guests down to drawing-room. Marvellously restored, but herrings do cling.

4.27. Sir Archibald declares he has always observed curiously marine tang in air up here. Do not disabuse old boob. ERIC.

Waterbus Ahoy.

TIRED with the old-time dope,
I have it now in mind
To seek a wider scope
And benefit my kind;
And, being stricken thus,
I lift my cry to-day
For London's waterbus
On her great waterway.

Daily by road and rail
They journey up and down,
Those, and not only male,
Who have a job in Town;
Dusty, and fagged, and hot,
Their untold thousands flow;
They hate it, but they've got
No other way to go.

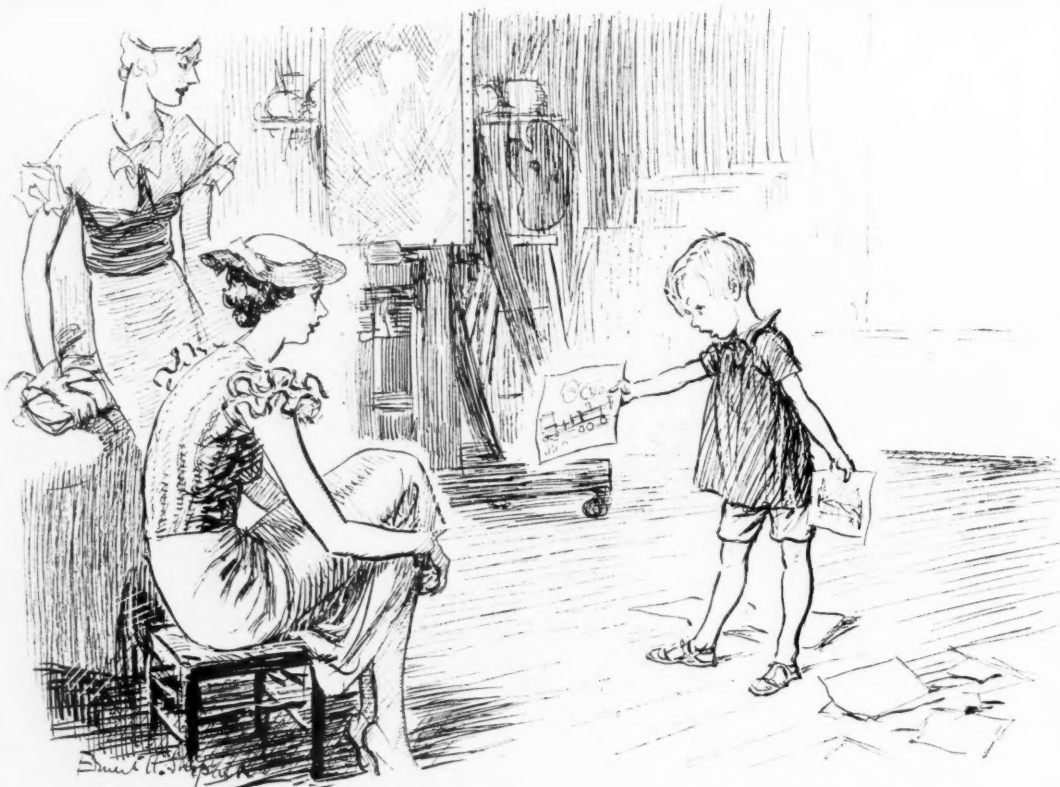


"I ALWAYS SPENDS MY 'OLIDAYS IN BRIGHTON, BUT I'M GOING TO MARGATE THIS YEAR. THEY SAY TRAVELLING BROADENS THE MIND."

Is there no path but these,
No broad and equal track
To bear them up at ease
And softly land them back?
Go, seek yon riverside;
Compared with road or rail
How gently flows the tide;
What charm is on the gale.
Sweet for the toilworn clerk,
His dusty labours through,
Serenely to embark;
The nimble typist, too;

With what a fair accord
The sexes might agree;
They could knock up, on board,
Acquaintance, and have tea.
There, moving on at large,
They'd watch the gliding
banks,
Or chaff some casual barge
Filled with imported planks;
The constant breeze would kiss
Their brows, their eyes and
throats;

All would in fact be bliss;
And all they want is boats.
In truth, a noble theme;
And yet an inkling doubt
Comes to upset my dream
And plunge it deep in drought;
Things always happen thus
To pale one's brightest gems;
For, when you've got your
bus,
There mayn't be any Thames.
DUM-DUM.



Small Son of Artist (making the most of parents' temporary absence). "STILL-LIFE STUDY OF MINE OF ENGINE AND GUARD'S VAN. JUST A POT-BOILER, YOU KNOW."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Zenobia from Downing Street.

PROCLAIMED by her latest biographer as "the last of the eighteenth-century eccentrics, the first of the nineteenth-century pioneers," *Lady Hester Stanhope* (COBDEN-SANDERSON, 10/6) seems far more akin to the former than the latter and really closer to BECKFORD of Fonthill than to Miss GERTRUDE BELL. Both aspects enter, however, into Miss JOAN HASLIP's biography, whose chief interest for a reader already acquainted with the more hectic culminations of HESTER's career is the skill and pains displayed over its opening. This includes a formalist stepmother, a Jacobin father—"Citizen STANHOPE"—who set his small daughter to tending turkeys, and the shocked admiration but not (as she hoped) the honourable addresses of the *jeunesse dorée* of the Regency. CHATHAM's granddaughter, PITT's cherished niece, Lady HESTER is chiefly remembered for her bizarre residence on the flanks of Lebanon and the English pride, backed by English obstinacy and English gold, with which she imposed herself upon the Arabs. Miss HASLIP has, I think, only let slip one thread of the skein. The son of MÉRYON the physician, whose scandalous paternity is chronicled in every detail, was also the ill-starred and magnificent etcher of "*Le Petit Pont*" and "*La Morgue*."

The Desert Tragedy.

There is no writer living who has a finer sense of the heroic in history than Mr. JOHN BUCHAN. In *Gordon at Khartoum* (PETER DAVIES, 5/-), therefore, he has a proper theme, for here, if ever, was an authentic hero on a tragic stage. Aptly the book is planned according to the dramatic divisions. But it is drama without melodrama, nor is there any touch of satire in it. The seductive but essentially ignoble belittlements of STRACHEY are not in Mr. BUCHAN's way. Even for GLADSTONE he has sympathy as well as criticism, seeing that he acted but according to his nature, and giving a part of the blame which he must bear to NORTHBROOK and HARTINGTON. For CROMER, as for GORDON himself, his admiration is practically unqualified. There were blunders and misunderstandings and inadequacies, but there was no baseness. "Tragedy sprang more out of rival greatness than out of rival follies, and it was dignified by the quality of the actors." And the telling, like the temper, is worthy of the tale. That gallant and desperate defence was a "Great Occasion" indeed, and has occasioned a little masterpiece of lucid, memorable and generous writing.

The Embassies on Louis Napoleon.

The *Conversations with Napoleon III.* (BENN, 21/-) assembled by Sir VICTOR WELLESLEY and Mr. ROBERT SENCOURT from a mass of letters and archives, mainly diplomatic, have hitherto been for the most part unobtainable in English; and the two editors have pooled their expert knowledge of diplomacy and history to excellent

purpose. The first contributes an admirable survey of the old and new diplomacies, and shows how economic internationalism, democratic control and space-eliminating inventions have cramped the style of the modern ambassador. The second sets the stage and sketches the characters of the cast: Lord COWLEY, Prince METTERNICH, Baron HÜBNER and the rest. What these in private correspondence thought of the Emperor's curiously post-dated mind—on the Crimean War, the birth of United Italy, the rise of Prussia and so on—what the Emperor thought of these questions himself (or would have them think he thought) is exhibited in the detail and vivacity of immediate transcript. More perhaps can be learnt nowadays from LOUIS NAPOLEON'S sentiments than from his actions: not least that frontiers should be rectified to obviate the need for large standing armies and that "the time of conquests is passed for ever."

"Mine Inn."

Old public-houses,
Old English inns,
Old sunshine that drowns
A-bottled in old bins
This BATSFORD book extols;
RICHARDSON writes the same,
The Old Inns (fill their flowing
bowls!)
Of England is its name.

Photographs plenty
Fill this jolly book
And drawings (five-and-twenty)
By Mr. BRIAN COOK.
Large inns and small here be
And their "signs" that allure;
Likewise a pub anthology—
"The Inn in Literature."

This work (who'd deny it?)
Is masterly done;
Host and guest should buy it;
But, a grumble—just one:
Where all is good, one grants,
I find nor bite nor sup
At the "Montagu Arms" in
Beaulieu, Hants,
My personal pull-up.

Boz and Bar.

The Recollections of Sir Henry Dickens (HEINEMANN, 18/-) begin at Gad's Hill and go on to his retirement in 1932. He had a long life to look back on; he even heard MARIO and GRISI together, but somewhat disappointingly has little to say about them. A highly successful barrister, he naturally gives up the greater part of his book to his professional experiences. He was certainly an enthusiast. He describes the "Art" of Advocacy as "the most important and living of all arts." Some hold other views. He has some amusing stories, notably that of an unpopular member of his circuit who complained that another member had called him a damned cad. The leader of the Mess, after taking thought,

suggested the withdrawal of the word "damned," to the apparent satisfaction of the injured party. And there was an occasion when Sir HENRY found himself face to face with a witness of the name of PICKWICK; to add to the glory of the incident he turned out to be a lean and mournful little shadow of a man, whose appearance was greeted with roars of laughter from the delighted crowd. But it is the early part of the book, the Gad's Hill part, that gives it a special savour. There we have "Boz" himself, "Boz" at his best—jolly, hospitable, doing (and writing) absurd things for the pure fun of it, and full of sound sense and the love of living. And it is here that we read of an old lady a benevolent antitype to Mr. F's aunt, who had grown shaky in her words but loved sweetbreads. One day the cover



OUR EX-REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR IS TAKEN SERIOUSLY ILL, WHILST ASHORE ON A CRUISE, ON SEEING HOW SOME SENTRY'S GO ABOUT THINGS.

was removed from a dish and she beheld her favourite form of food. "Turnpikes again," she cried. "This is kind."

Playgirl.

Say Bo! Meet *Babe Gordon*. She's sure some swell dame. Address—Harlem (when she's at home). Occupations—*femme amoureuse*, dope-peddler, go-getter and model. Hobbies—out-pointing, out-smarting, plucking racketeers and double-crossing. You should just hear that Jane lift her lip to a girl-friend—"You walkin' gin-house, what the hell's the meanin' of being late like this?" and to a boy-friend—"You low-down, ten-cent bum! Did you think I'd fall for your cheap squawking? You aint even got enough etiquette to take off your hat in the presence of a lady. Take it off, I said, before I knock it off." If you want to know more about her after that, read Miss MAE WEST's novel, *The Constant Sinner* (JOHN LONG, 7/6) and learn how "the old, old story of civilisation's lusts was being re-told in Harlem," but if I was you I'd keep my dollars in my pocket. 'Cause why? 'Cause *Babe Gordon*'s "constantly sinning and constant to her sin," and the book's monotonous.

Young Men and Maidens.

Although the formula of *Code of the West* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) is familiar enough, I should imagine that Mr. ZANE GREY's wholesome story will give abundant pleasure to his admirers. *Mary Stockwell*'s life was simple and without complications on the Thurman ranch in Arizona when her younger and very sophisticated sister came to visit her. Then *Mary*, who was a school-teacher by profession, found her hands more than full. Young men—and there were several of them—buzzed round the visitor, for she brought novelty into their primitive lives. But only one of them misinterpreted her behaviour, and, believe me, he had reason to regret his lack of decency and sense. So in the end all was well in the best possible of worlds.

Simple Instruction.

Golfers who are hopeful of improving their game have no reason to complain of the lack of books which are intended to help them. *The Technique of the Golf-Swing* (METHUEN, 5/-) is the latest addition to this instructional literature, and it is worthy of recommendation because Mr. PETER FOWLIE has been at considerable pains to simplify his teaching. "Hip movement," he says, "is the source of power in swinging a club. Tilt is the master movement of the hips. . . . 'The hips for hitting, the arms for aiming' should be the golfers' slogan." All of which is incontrovertibly true, however rebellious our hips may be when we try to bring them into action. An excellent chapter on putting and useful illustrations add to the value of a book which is easy to understand and will no doubt be found wherever two or three golfers are gathered together.

Scott of "The Manchester Guardian."

Mr. J. L. HAMMOND has written a remarkable book about a remarkable man in *C. P. Scott of The Manchester Guardian* (BELL, 12/6), for SCOTT undoubtedly deserves to stand with DELANE and ALEXANDER RUSSEL in the front rank of the great daily editors of our times. He surpassed them both in longevity, in length of service and in the extraordinary vitality which enabled him in old age to act as his principal leader-writer. But he paid the penalty of longevity in outliving his two most brilliant lieutenants, W. T. ARNOLD and C. E. MONTAGUE, who both died in early middle-age, and his son who succeeded him as editor only survived his father a few months. Nothing of importance is omitted in this record, but all padding is eliminated. The book is a marvel of compression and candour, radiating dry light on every phase of SCOTT's career and the vicissitudes of the paper over which he presided, and bringing out all the influences which moulded his outlook and gave him his

peculiar position in the counsels of the Liberal Party. It was a wonderful career, fitly crowned by the Freedom of the City of which he was so distinguished an ornament. Other proprietors and editors have bled their papers white in looking after their dividends and salaries, but SCOTT was a marvel of moderation, working for a minimum wage when he was in a position to have taken four or five times as much.

The Right Spirit.

For nearly thirty years Mr. "PATSY" HENDREN has been playing first-class cricket and it is no exaggeration to say that during this long time his popularity with spectators and players has been as great as it has been deserved. *Big Cricket* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 2/-) will receive the warmest of welcomes, for it is not only an interesting account of a fine and successful career but it also gives instructive advice to young and enthusiastic cricketers.

Mr. Punch on Show.

IN THE PROVINCES. The Exhibition of the works of Living *Punch* Artists will be on view at the Public Library, Scarborough, from July 28th to August 25th, after which it will be shown at Bootle, Lincoln, Rochdale and Huddersfield.

IN CANADA. The Collection of Original Drawings by LEECH, KEENE, TENNIEL and DU MAURIER, and of famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*—exhibited a year or two ago at the *Punch* Offices in London and later in the principal cities of Great Britain—is now visiting Canada under the auspices of the National Gallery of Canada. The Exhibition is now at Calgary, after which it will be on view at Winnipeg, Toronto and Hamilton.

Invitations to visit either of these Exhibitions will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4, England.



A MEETING OF THE WHELK CLUB.
CHOOSING THE WHELK OF THE WEEK.

PRICE SIXPENCE
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY